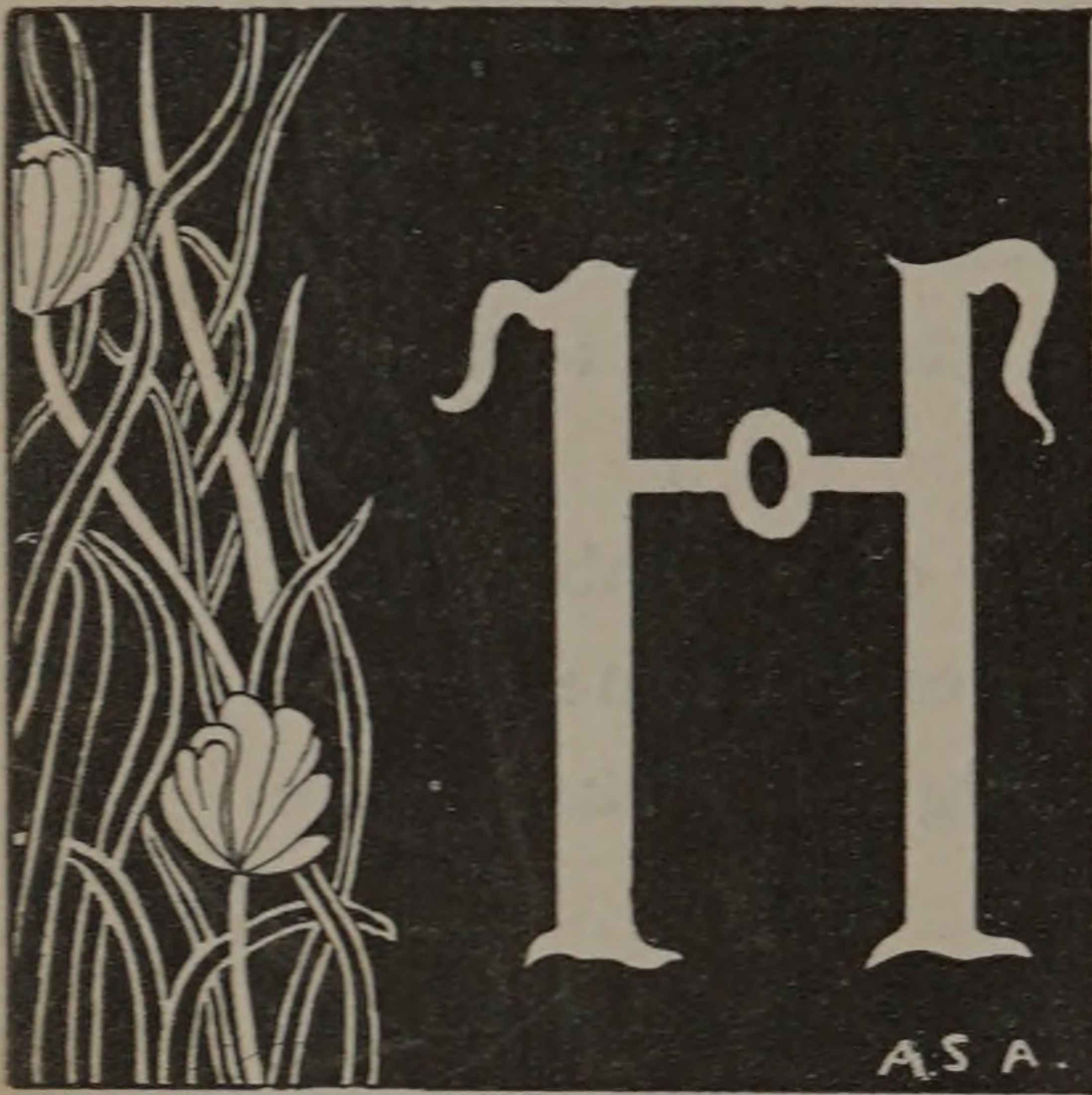
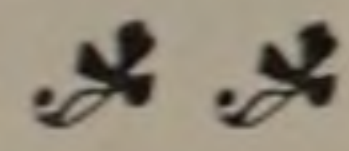


The Class of '97



ERE 'S to the Senior (each dog has his day),
Here 's to the Soph and his folly,
Here 's to the Freshman, all verdant and gay,
And here 's to the Junior so jolly.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the class;
Their glory shall be our excuse for the glass.

Here 's to the class that is leader in all
The arts that are known under Heaven!
Then fill up your glasses and drink at my call,
The glory of old '97.

When in the future the classes shall come,
What though they labor and pass, boys,
Say, can they ever compel to be dumb
The voices that praised our first class, boys?

Senior day comes at the close of the year,
And 's the signal for old bonds to sever;
Then fill up your glasses to old Pioneer
And let us all toast her together!
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the class;
Her glory shall be our excuse for the glass.